

Alternate Universe

by SaudM

Category: Avengers, x-men

Genre: Family, Tragedy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 08:02:23

Updated: 2016-04-14 08:02:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:15:57

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,370

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Wanda discovers her powers give her the ability to "spatio-temporally project", and decides to use this ability to save her brother. Post AoU, CW, DoFP, & X-Men Apocalypse. I don't know what'll happen in CW or X-Men A, but potential spoilers for all 4. Major spoilers for AoU. Jane F is a major character but for some reason she's not on the character list so I couldn't add her.

Alternate Universe

Sometimes when Wanda used her powers, she saw images swirling in the red mist. At first she thought they were tricks of the light, her eyes looking for patterns and finding them where there were none. Often she would see Pietro's final moments in the mist of her hex bolts; the bullets striking him, the way his body struck the ground.

Then, one day when she was practicing throwing hex bolts, Bucky interrupted her.

"Hey Wanda, did you see that?" he asked.

"See what?" she said, turning to him and shaking out her hands.

"Theâ€¦ the face. When you did your magic thing. In the cloud thing. I _swear_ I saw a faceâ€¦ I guess it was nothing."

He lowered his head, his eyebrows pushed together.

"Really? You saw a face?" she said.

"Yeah," he said, looking back up at her.

"I thought it was just me!" she said, "I see things in the mist all the time. I thought it was just the light playing tricks on me."

"Do it again," he said, "If we both see the same thing this time then maybe your powers are really revealing something that's there."

"Okay," Wanda said, curling her fingers and bringing her hand back like she was about to hurl a baseball. Then she brought her hand forward slowly and flexed her fingers.

A red mist swirled in front of her. At first it was just a roiling cloud, but she held it, held it for longer than normal. It felt like holding a push up. After a few seconds the smoke started to settle into a grainy image.

It looked like a chain link fence.

"Do you see it too?" she asked, her voice strained from holding the hex bolt. Right after she said it she couldn't hold it anymore and let it go. The image blurred then dissolved into the air with the hex bolt.

"Yeah," Bucky said, eyes wide, "it looked like a fence."

"Yeah!" Wanda said. "What could it mean?"

"I have no idea," Bucky said, "Maybe it's an alternate reality, or another dimension," he said. "You should talk to Dr. Foster. She seems to know a lot about this stuff. She's been to Asgard, you know."

"Dr. Foster sounds like a good idea," Wanda said.

"Woah," Jane Foster said the next day when Wanda showed her the images revealed by her hex bolts.

"I know, right?" Wanda said. This time they had seen an open door by a shadowed doorway.

"What do you think it is?" Wanda asked.

Dr. Foster brought her hand to her chin, "Weeeell," she said, "It could be a lot of things. My guess is spatio-temporal displacement. Or perhaps they're visions."

"Like of the future?" Wanda asked.

"Maybe," Dr. Foster said.

"They can't be," Wanda said.

"You don't believe in that sort of thing?" Dr. Foster asked, raising an eyebrow.

"That's not it," Wanda said, "It's just thatâ€¦ sometimes I see my brother's death. Sometimes, when I'm thinking of him and I cast a hex bolt I see him die right in front of me again." She'd seen him die from every angle, all of it in red.

"Hm," Jane said, "I'm sorry to hear that. That's terrible."

Wanda nodded.

After a minute of buzzing silence Jane Foster spoke; "Maybe," she began tentatively, "You're seeing different points in space-time. It seems that when you're thinking of your brother's death, you see it. Why don't you try thinking of something else in the past and let's see if you can see that in your hex bolts?"

"Okay," Wanda said.

"Try to picture something you remember very well, maybe that'll help," Dr. Foster advised.

Wanda closed her eyes. Pietro's death was the sharpest and most painful memory she had. She may not have seen it when it happened, but she'd felt it, and she had seen it in her hex bolts a hundred times. Knowing that what she saw in the mist was real made it so much worse.

The only memory she could think of that rivaled the intensity was that of the bomb that had killed her parents, but she didn't want to remember that either. So she chose to focus on the memory of the moment she got her powers.

_She had been sitting in that glass cage at the HYDRA base. She couldn't remember the last time she'd seen the Sun. There was a drip in the ceiling that was driving her crazy. Her anger intensified with every _ping_ the water made off the shallow puddle in the concrete floor. She wanted to scream, pull out her hair. She wanted to break something, to crush something in her bare hands, but the only breakable thing in the room was her. Instead of raking her nails into her own skin, she raked them into the ground, breaking them on the concrete, and what she saw she couldn't believe. Red mist like steam was curling from her fingers across the ground, and as it flowed from her fingers and dissipated into the air her rage ebbed, leaving her with the mist._

And with that image in her mind, Wanda curled and then flexed her fingers, sending a hex bolt into the air, coating it with red mist.

It took a moment for the image to settle, but as soon as it did she saw the grainy image of a younger version of herself, grating her nails across the floor. The image, like a swirling hologram, hung in the air for a moment before fading.

"Wow," Dr. Foster said, "Yeah, that's definitely displaced spatio-temporal projection."

"I feel like you just made up that term."

"I did make up the term," Dr. Foster said, "It's in my dissertation."

"Wait," Wanda said, "Do you think I could, like, reach into the mist to actually touch the past?"

"Iâ€¦ I don't think so," Dr. Foster said.

"Oh," Wanda said, her voice lowering with her hopes. She'd thought

that maybe, if she could reach into the past, she could save her brother.

"It wouldn't hurt to try, though," Dr. Foster suggested.

"Okay," Wanda said.

With that sickening feeling in her stomach that always came with thinking about him, Wanda pictured her brother's death. Gritting her teeth against the feeling of a punch to the gut, she cast a hex bolt into the air. Almost immediately, it settled to an image of Pietro, dyed red, with darker red bullet holes imbedded in his chest and abdomen, so close she was sure she just had to reach out to touch him. With her other hand, Wanda reached into the mist, but instead of landing on her bother, her hand drifted through the mist, scattering it slightly.

She lowered her hands and the image of her brother hitting the floor dissolved into the air. She realized she was shaking.

"I'm sorry, Wanda," Jane said.

"Do you think, that if Iâ€"if I practiced, that eventually I would be able toâ€" "

"I don't think so," Jane said, interrupting her before she could rebuild too much of her shattered hope, "If you're standing in a universe I just don't think it's possible to reach into its past."

"Oh, okay," Wanda said, her voice trembling like her hands.

"Butâ€"|" Dr. Foster said, "I think it just might be possible to reach into the past of another universe."

"How does that help me?" Wanda said, her eyebrows knitting together, trying to follow Dr. Foster's speeding train of thought.

"Maybe if you could cast a bolt big enough that you could step through, and if it's even possible to reach through to the worlds in their images, then maybe you could step into another reality, an alternate reality, and then, from that reality, maybe you could reach into the past of this one to save your brother. Of course, then the present you came from, this present, would no longer exist. You could never return to it."

"That wouldn't matter. As long as I have my brother with me I don't care what universe I'm in."

"This isn't a decision to make lightly, Wanda," Dr. Foster said.

Wanda had never thought of Dr. Foster as patronizing, at least not before this moment, but then again Dr. Foster had probably never lost half of her soul, how could she understand?

"If you save him, then all of the things that happened as a result of his death will not happen. I know you love your brother, but it's because he died that Clint and that little boy lived. He died to save them. Saving him would mean killing them."

"Clint died anyway," Wanda reminded her, "In that war between Steve and Tony."

"Yes, but what about the little boy?" Dr. Foster asked.

"If I had to choose between saving a stranger, and saving my brother, I'd save my brother, every time, a thousand times," Wanda said.

"If this is what you want to do, I won't stop you," Dr. Foster said, with a grimace on her face that said she wanted to, "I _can't_ stop you. They're your powers. No one can control them but you. Just please, think it over. Don't do it hastily. If you can really reality jump to reach into the past, then waiting a few days won't make a difference."

"Okay," Wanda said.

"Good," Dr. Foster said. "It was nice to see you."

Dr. Foster smiled sadly at Wanda before turning and walking out of the room, to the elevator, out into the foyer, and out of Avengers tower.

That's exactly how long Wanda waited, the time it took Dr. Foster to reach her truck.

She had endured months without her brother. Knowing that it might be possible to get him back made it impossible to wait another second, much less days.

Wanda knew she could conjure a hex bolt big enough to walk through. When Pietro had died she'd conjured one as big as a room. She'd never made one quite as big before then or since, however.

Now, when she threw one forward and tried to expand it, it was like trying to blow up a tire. With a grunt, she let go of the bolt and it shimmered in the air for a moment, half of her size.

How would I even conjure a hex bolt with an image of an alternate reality in it? She wondered

To conjure the past I have to picture it. Maybe, to conjure an alternate reality, all I have to do is picture it. Picture an alternate universe.

What if Pietro was still alive? She wondered. So she pictured it, pictured Pietro living, breathing, walking in front of her, in an alternate reality, one where he'd lived.

With that image in her mind, she threw her bolt forward. She gasped and nearly lost the hex bolt when she saw the image in it. It shimmered and nearly dissipated, but she managed to hold onto it. She saw Pietro walking, talking to someone she couldn't see. He was smiling.

This time the bolt expanded easily, like a breath. She pushed one of her hands forward, until her fingertips were a millimeter from the mist. They paused there, her whole body straining to maintain the hex bolt.

What if it didn't work?

Then I'll keep trying until it does she thought firmly, and thrust her hand forward.

Her hand was swallowed by the mist. She saw Pietro's head snap towards her, his smile turning into open-mouthed horror as her hand landed on his shoulder.

She stepped forward into the cloud and suddenly she was there with him. The world behind her bolt lost its red tint as she stepped into it. She was there, in an alternate reality, and Pietro was alive.

"_Wanda?_" he said, his voice high-pitched and wavering.

"Yeah, it's me," she said as she almost tackled him with a hug.

She was sobbing into his shoulder when she heard a high pitch shriek from behind her.

Reluctantly, Wanda broke away from her brother and spun to look at the little girl who'd screamed.

"Are you a monster?" The little girl asked, her eyes wide.

"No," Wanda said, "I'm Pietro's sister. Who are you?"

"_I'm_ Pietro's sister," the little girl said, crossing her arms, "You would know that if you were _really_ Wanda. You're a monster!"

What?! Wanda thought. She'd never seen this child before in her life.

"Are you really Wanda?" Pietro asked.

She turned back to him and his eyes were full of tears.

"Yes," Wanda said, a feeling in her gut telling her something was wrong.

"Butâ€¦| but you diedâ€¦| howâ€¦"?"

"I died in this universe?" she asked.

"_This_ universe?" Pietro asked.

"Yeah," Wanda said. "I come from a universe where _you_ died. I came here so I could reach back into the time of my own universe to save the Pietro from my universe," she explained. "We don't have another sister in my universe," Wanda said, staring at the little girl who looked so much like her dead mom. "Heck, we might not even have the same parents. Are we still adopted in this universe?"

"Uh-huh," Pietro said, "by Django and Marya Maximoff."

"Same parents, then." Wanda said. "Are theyâ€¦| are they still alive?"

"Yeah," Pietro said, "Waitâ€¦ are they not in your universe?"

"No," Wanda said, looking down, "I'm here to save them, too."

"Oh man, so you lost me _and_ our parents in your universe?" Pietro asked.

"Yeah," Wanda said.

"And there's no me in your universe?" The little girl said, "Sounds like a crummy universe."

"Ana, shut up! Why don't you run home? I'll be there in a minute," Pietro said to the little girl. They were on a sidewalk, rows of two storey brick houses with backyards on either side of the street.

"_Hmph_," Ana said, pouting as she turned to walk home.

"I'm sorry you lost everyone. That sucks," Pietro said after the girl was out of earshot.

"Yeah. I'm sorry you lost your sister. I know what it feels like because I felt it when I lost you. Like losing half of your soul," she said.

"Like having your heart ripped from your chest," he said.

She nodded.

"Can you save her too?" he asked. "The Wanda from my universe?"

"I can try," she said, "You'll have to tell me how she died, and when, so I can picture it more clearly."

She had it mapped out in her mind. She would step into her universe the moment before her Pietro's death, save him, then open a portal from there to just before this universe's Wanda died, and save her too.

"Okay," Pietro said. He closed his eyes and sighed, "We were fighting Apocalypse."

"Who?" Wanda said.

Pietro opened his eyes. "Apocalypse. You don't have him in your universe? Luckyâ€¦ I mean, apart from you losing your brother and parents."

Wanda grimaced.

"Anyway, we were fighting him. It was April 19th, 1986. It was in the evening. We were in Charles Xavier's school."

"Who's Charles Xavier?"

Here Pietro went bug-eyed, "You don't have Charles Xavier in your universe?"

"No, who is he?"

He seemed important by the way Pietro reacted to her not having him in her universe.

"He runs the school for Mutants," Pietro said.

"Mutants?"

"You don't have _Mutants_ in your universe? How did you get your powers, then?"

"Medical experiments," Wanda said.

"Really? That's intense," Pietro said.

"You were in Charles Xavier's school, andâ€¦?" Wanda prompted, trying to keep Pietro on track. She knew from experience with her Pietro that this was often quite the task. He was always speeding from topic to topic, even before he could talk at supersonic velocity.

"Oh, yeah, so we were in Charles Xavier's school and we were running away from Apocalypse down the hallways. Well, I was running and carrying Wanda in my arms, but then she turned and tried to fire one of her cloud thingies at Apocalypse, but he just absorbed it like it was nothing, but I guess it made him mad, so he made one of the Mutants he was controlling strike her with lightning. It electrocuted me too, I fell and passed outâ€¦ but I guess Wanda got the brunt of it, because." He paused and inhaled, his voice shuddering, "because, when I woke up, she was dead in my arms."

"I'm so sorry," Wanda said, putting her hand on his shoulder as tears began to flow down his cheek and fall off his chin.

"You look just like her," he said, his voice wavering on every word.

"You look just like my brother," she said.

Almost, she mentally corrected herself. They were the exact same height, but this version of her brother was a little scrawnier, his hair a little longer and more unkempt.

"I'm not going to remember meeting you, am I?" he asked.

"I guess not," she said. If she changed the past of his universe this conversation would never have happened to him, "but I'll always remember meeting you," she said, "And you'll never have lost your sister."

He nodded.

"Well, I'll leave you to it," he said, turning and walking out from under her hand. "Bye," he added, looking back over his shoulder, "Nice to meet you."

He turned back away from her and sped up into a blur to catch up with his little sister, halfway down the block.

When I save Pietro, I'll finally be the older twin, Wanda thought

with a grin.

With that thought, she curled her fingers and then spread them out.

And nothing happened.

She tried again. Again, nothing happened. Not even a tiny shimmer of red, not even a tendril of red smoke.

With a crushing feeling, she realized what it must be. Her powers were fueled by the mind gem. There must be no mind gem in this universe.

"No," she said under her trembling breath.

She wanted to scream and fall to her knees. It felt like the first time Pietro died all over again.

Dr. Foster was right, she realized. If she'd taken time to think her plan through, she would have realized that she had to take the mind gem, to take Vision, with her in order to save her brother. She'd acted too hastily and now she would never be able to save her brother, or the Pietro of this universe's sister.

"Wait!" she called at the Pietro a block in front of her.

He didn't hear.

She started running towards him. Her vision blurred with the tears springing to her eyes.

"Wait!" she called again when she was closer.

He stopped walking and turned, letting go of his little sister's hand.

"It didn't work," she said as she approached him, her lip trembling, "My powers must not work in this universe. I'm stuck here, and I can't save my brother."

His face fell. It meant she couldn't save his sister either.

She started sobbing. He was going to start crying soon too if he didn't say something to make them both feel better.

"Maybe you're meant to be here," he said.

"What?" she said through her sobs.

"Maybe you're meant to be here," he repeated, "You lost your Pietro, and I lost my Wanda, but now that you're here we have each other. Maybe it was meant to be."

After a moment, her sobs quieted.

"Yeah, maybe," she said doubtfully. She didn't really believe it, but the thought soothed the gaping wound that had been reopened in her chest, the wound that would never really heal.

End
file.